

SMILE ZOLA, NOVELIST AND EEFOEMER  
397

Eed wine he did not touch from 1887 till the time of his death; but occasionally, after a meal or in the evening, he treated himself to a thimbleful of old cognac or some liqueur. This happened perhaps once a week, not more frequently, so it will be seen that he was almost a total abstainer.

Both at Mddan and in Paris (unless he were spending the evening in society or at a theatre) Zola retired to his bedroom between ten and eleven o'clock, but he generally remained reading there for some hours before he actually went to bed. His mornings in Paris like those at M4dan were given to writing; and as he could not boat or conveniently cycle in the metropolis, his afternoon out-ings resolved themselves into visits or strolls to sundry places which he might wish to describe in some forthcoming book\* Six o'clock in the evening was the hour usually appointed for receiving newspaper interviewers or those who brought him letters of introduction. His Sundays were spent much like his week-days, except that instead of working at a book he then often gave the morning to letter-writing. Glancing through a large collection of his letters we find some scores of them written on one and another Sunday. These particulars will show the general orderliness of his life, which was further exemplified by his extremely tidy habits, the regularity with which

he changed  
his clothes directly he came home, substituting  
a loose flannel shirt, a working jacket, and slippers for  
his linen, his  
black coat, and his boots. And he never left  
the slightest  
litter of papers in his workroom; such  
documents as he  
might be using were set out tidily on various  
tables; the  
newspapers he read were always neatly folded  
directly he  
had finished perusing them; the very string  
of the parcels